

Top of the Hill

Conduits

I'm tired of the hills
We're rolling, rolling in the grass
And we laugh to ourselves
While kicking flowers from the ground
And your body's so warm
You're crumbling like powder in my arms
As pillars of smoke are filling, falling from the sky
All day in the sun
Is coming, coming to an end
And we send our love
As our evening, evening descends

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